VOL. XXVI.—No. 667. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1889. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers. PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

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ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

THREE ROTTEN TIMBERS ARE ALL THAT KEEP HER AFLOAT.

PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is $5.00 per year.
$2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor . . . . . H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, December 18th, 1889.—No. 667.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THERE IS NO viler trick than to trade for illicit gain on the charitable tendencies of mankind. And yet there is no form of dishonesty that tempts so many people who ought, by social position and education, to be above such temptation. And there is no class of swindlers who enjoy such immunity from punishment. They are rarely prosecuted, and the punishment that is dealt out to them when the law does take them in hand is, as a rule, inadequate. There seems to be a notion abroad that money which is given away is money that may properly be wasted. A man who would sternly prosecute the sneak-thief who stole an overcoat from his front hall will learn that he has wasted two or three hundred dollars in utterly undeserved alms-giving, and will "pocket the loss" without so much as notifying the police or writing a line to the papers to put others on their guard against the rogue who has victimized him.

* * *

There is not a more charitable city in the world than this great city of New York. If it were possible to spread before the people a full statement of the sums given annually for charitable purposes by New York's business men, the list would be so stupendous that contemplation of it might knock some sense into the head of the most rabid capital-hater of the Anti-Poverty Society. But this money, as a rule, is given unostentatiously. Most of it brings the giver no more public recognition than a line in an "annual report"—much of it not even that. Of course, not all of this is given wisely. In too many cases the busy giver sets aside a sum which he is prepared to devote to charitable purposes, and then waits for the agents and collectors of the various institutions to come around and get their respective shares. In such cases, the rule is generally first come, first served; and while the money holds out, any one with a plausible claim and a subscription-list that bears a few well-known names stands a good chance of getting money without having to undergo a very rigid investigation.

* * *

This is a bad plan for all but the swindler. That it breeds dishonesty goes without saying. And the worst of it is that, whether from a false personal pride or from inability to realize the seriousness of the offence, the man who is cheated will hardly ever let his fellow-citizens know that he has been made a dupe. Of this fact the professional prostitutors of the holy name of Charity are well aware. They know that with a little shrewdness they can keep at their evil trade as long as they like.

* * *

In the upper part of the town there is to-day a mature rascal who has made a living in this way for many years. About once in a twelve-month the law gives him a little ineffectual shaking up; but the interruption to his nefarious business is only temporary. If he finds that he will not be allowed to run a baby-farming establishment, he starts an old men's home and keeps on begging and getting money for starving and maltreating such poor old victims as he can find. When one set of people learns that he is a swindler, he looks up another set and keeps persistently at work.

* * *

In Brooklyn, the other day, attention was called to a startling case of mismanagement in a hospital supported by the best people in the city. Then it came out that none of these excellent people had ever been near the hospital, and some of them did not even know where it was. They had given their good money and lent their good names on the representation of two irresponsible adventurers, of whose real character and objects they knew nothing whatever. And yet, they were not, seemingly, very indignant when they found out how they had been robbed and wronged.

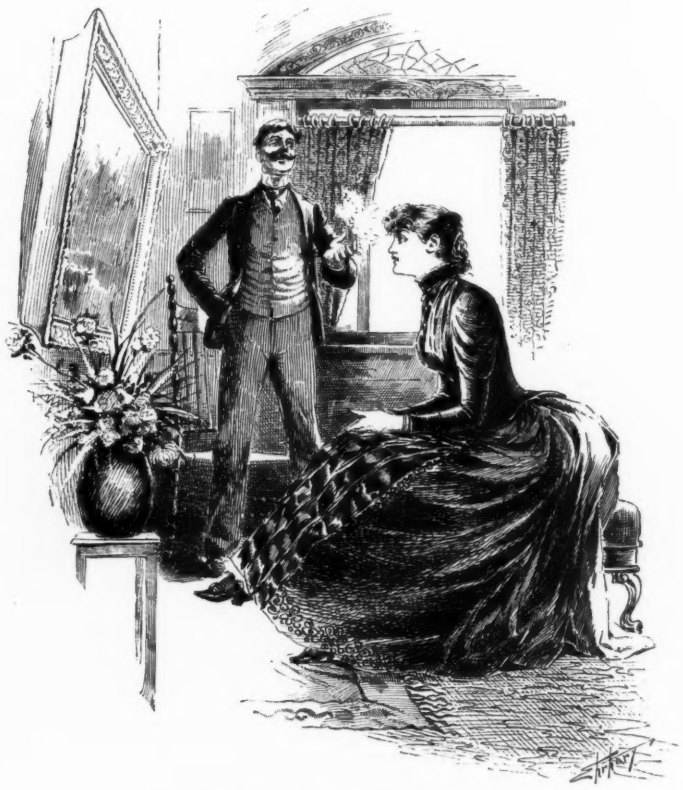
* * *

These are only two cases; but they are fair specimens of hundreds. They show how the New York citizen is regularly and systematically fleeced by the charity-sharks, even as the countryman is fleeced by the perennial bunco-steerer—only that the iniquitous son of the dark metropolis is fleeced because he is generous and public-spirited and has a kind heart toward his fellow-men, and the simple and innocent rustic is fleeced because he is possessed of an unholy desire to make money in a crooked way.

* * *

It would perhaps be unadvisable to throw further burdens upon the State Charities Aid Association; and the work that is necessary to effect an improvement in these matters could better be done by a separate society: the two working harmoniously on different lines. Such a society should make it its business to examine, without meddlesome or offensive intrusion, the management of every charitable organization asking for alms in New York city, and to report the names of all found to be worthy in monthly lists, arranged alphabetically. These lists should be circulated among business men—perhaps published in the daily papers. This work would cost money; but if every business-man who is in the habit of giving for charitable purposes would subscribe $5 a year—to save himself perhaps $500—the society would be able to lay up such a reserve fund as would enable it, in the course of a few years, materially to enlarge its scope; to prosecute offenders; to study and present to the public the needs of worthy organizations; and even to take charge of the charity funds of its subscribers, distribute them according to the wishes of the donors (having, of course, given bonds for the performance of this duty), and thus save the generous man of business many trying importunities.

We have spoken vigorously of the impositions practised in the name of Charity, because we do not wish to see the day when the tolerance with which they are regarded will bring about a regrettable re-action: when people will become discouraged by the waste of their money: when true Charity will suffer for the sins of her vile counterfeit: when New York shall lose her proud reputation for benevolence and liberality. We have always made it a rule to give what aid lay in our power to all worthy Charities, and we have no pleasanter annual duty than to remind our readers that there is none worthier than the institution of Hospital Saturday and Sunday. Every dollar—every cent—given in this way goes to relieve suffering, and is applied without distinction of race or sect. We hope that every man, woman and child who reads these lines and looks on Mr. Taylor's graceful picture will give something, be it much or little, to charity, on Hospital Saturday and Sunday.



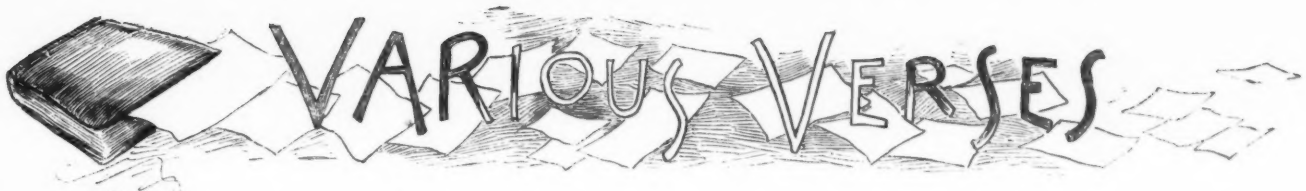
HE WENT HER ONE BETTER.

MR. JACKMAN HATTAN.—Oh, yes. It 's a pretty good-sized picture; but then, you know, paintings don't sell by the yard.

MISS PACKER *(of Chicago)*.—I know that; but just think, it 's all done with those tiny little brushes, and Mr. Broomley uses only the *very best of oil*.

MR. HATTAN.—As to that, I have a friend who paints water-colors, and he uses exclusively imported Apollinaris.

MISS PACKER.—Oh! Is n't that lovely!



THE FATAL AUTOGRAPH.

"WILL YOU WRITE in my autograph book?" said she,
And he dared not answer nay,
Though his heart beat quick, and his breath came thick,
And he trembled in dismay;
For he loved the maid, and was sore afraid —
And he dared not answer nay.

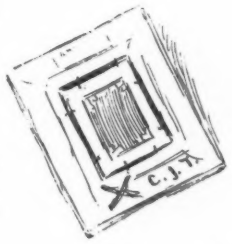
So he took the book and prayed for a thought,
And long for a thought did pray,
And long did he look in the dictionary book,
And the cy-clo-pe-di-a.
"I will write a verse," said he, "that is terse
And bang-up and O. K."

And he search-ed thro' the "Library of Song,"
And he search-ed many a day.
"I will show the maid that the poetry trade,"
Said he, "is just my lay.
I will find a verse that is sweet and terse,
If I hunt forever and aye!"

And he search-ed long, and he found a verse
At the end of the fortieth day.
"She will think every line," he chuckled, "is mine,"
And he laughed full loud and gay.
"I 'm a ge-ni-us, and I make no fuss
To write good verse. Hoo-ray!"

Then he turned the page, and his rival's name
Was writ with much display
'Neath the very same verse, and it made him curse;
And his raven locks turned gray;
And he fell on his side, and quickly died
Of hy-po-chon-dri-a.

S. W. Foss.



THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

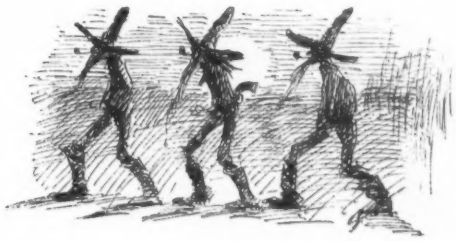
IN ART.

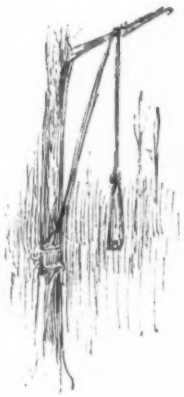
Three dignified, grave connaisseurs,
Dictators of the last salon;
The arbitrators who decide
What works the critics look upon.

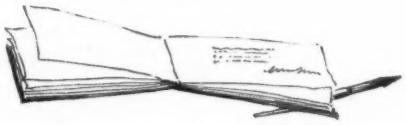
IN ARKANSAS.

Three dignified, grave mountaineers,
Dictators of unstinted scope;
Their main economy is time,
Their chief extravagance, a rope.

Billy Ford.







TO MY PILE OF PUCKS.

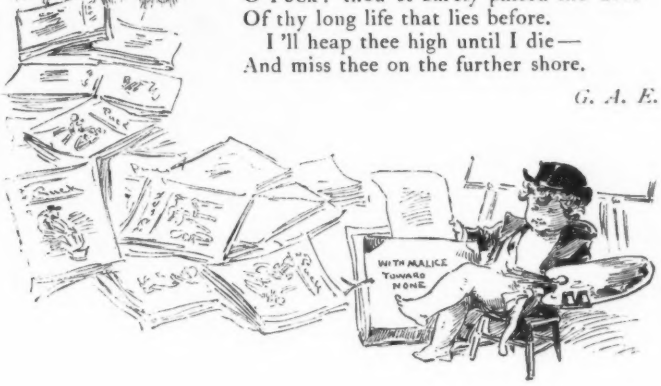
A GOODLY HEAP upon the floor —
Six hundred, yes, and sixty more;
And every one a mine of fun,
Art, wisdom, satire, wit and lore.

I love o'er their bright leaves to pore;
As years go by I prize them more;
For, blessed friends, age only lends
An added charm unto their store.

The follies that in days of yore
PUCK shot to death I ponder o'er.
And here I find, of all mankind,
The world renowned — a motley corps.

O PUCK! thou 'st barely passed the door
Of thy long life that lies before.
I 'll heap thee high until I die —
And miss thee on the further shore.

G. A. E.



CONTENT.

I HAVE LIVED on earth for ninety years,
I 'm free from ache and groan,
None of the ills of life touch me
I 'm ready to depone.

Toothache nor heartache, nor disease —
From all such ailments free,
The bulk of people in the world
They well might envy me.

There 're numbers shiver in the blast,
Or suffer from the heat;
I tell you I 'm in A-1 luck,
My record can't be beat;

And yet for years I used the weed,
Of whiskey drank my fill;
And, if I counted all my sins,
They 'd fill a lengthy bill.

Be virtuous, and you 'll do well,
I say to all mankind;
You all must be just as I am
Before like peace you find.

You 'd like to know how it was done —
Arrive at my estate?
You 'll get there after you are dead —
So long I had to wait.

James Nye.

A STARTLING COMBINATION.

JANE ANN. — Say, look here, John! Here 's somethin' handy for ye. A corkscrew an' shaving brush, all in one!

MR. GEORGE KENNAN IN AMERICA.

II.—THE POWER OF THE BOSSES.

THE MORNING after our arrival, Mr. Frost and I called on Mr. Pulham Sartain, to whom we had brought a letter of introduction, and who had been described to me as one of the most influential statesman in the country. I was surprised, therefore, to find a man whose voice was all powerful in the counsels of the nation occupying the apparently insignificant office of Inspector of Telegraph Poles, but I afterwards learned that his position at the head of this department, and consequent control of the suffrages of all the men in his employ, gave him the balance of power in a doubtful state.

I explained my mission to this American Warwick, and assured him that I would not print his name in connection with any information which he might volunteer to give me.

With this understanding he agreed to answer any of my questions, the first of which was: "How is it that Mr. Harrison, who is certainly neither the choice of his party nor of the people, is President of the United States?"

"Why!" exclaimed Mr. Sartain, "because we made him President. What difference does it make to us Bosses whether the people want him or not? If they chose the President, why, *they 'd* be the Bosses, and *we* — well, *we 'd* be in the soup, and have to work for our livings."

"But," said Mr. Frost, "I always supposed that your President was elected by the people, and that the best man got the office."

"That 's a bluff that we give out every four years," rejoined Mr. Sartain, "and it 's always a surprise to me to find that there 's anybody left who swallows it. It is n't the best man that 's elected, but rather the best handled man. Now I had a good deal to do with the handling, and consequently the election of General Harrison, and so I 'm in a position to speak. He was just the man for the Republican party — long beard, war record, homely virtues of an American citizen, and all that sort of thing. If he 'd only been born in a log cabin, and worked on the tow-path, he would have been the ideal candidate. Jehoshaphat! What a picture we could have got out then, with a view of the log cabin in the background, and him walking along the tow-path to the White House, driving a team of gray mules with long tails —"

"I suppose the mules would represent the voters," said Mr. Frost.

"No, not exactly," rejoined the politician; "because if they had, why then we Bosses would have been driving."

"But why," I inquired, "did he receive the nomination in the convention when there were so many stronger men before the people?"

"Largely because I was running that convention myself," rejoined Mr. Sartain modestly. "We don't want a strong President. When you 're making bread you don't want tough dough that 's hard to knead, do you? You want dough that 's so plastic you can make it into any shape you like. Strong man be blowed! Why, it takes four years to get rid of one after you 've got him in. But if you want to make a thorough study of our political system you should pay a visit to Albany."

"Where is Albany?" asked Mr. Frost.

"Albany is the place up the river where they make laws for the metropolis. It 's a sort of political stopping place on the way to New York or Washington. I came here by way of Albany myself."

At this moment a messenger entered the office and handed Mr. Sartain a telegram. He read it hastily, and then threw it angrily on the floor, exclaiming in positive tones: "nixy!" Then he turned to me and explained: "That 's from the President, asking if he can appoint his wife's cousin to a berth in the treasury. Why, confound it, I did n't know that there was another relation left that did n't have an office of some sort; and now he 's rooted up one of his wife's cousins, and wants something for him. Here! I 'll give him a job, and I 'll bet he won't want another in a hurry."

"He seized a pen, and hurriedly wrote this reply:

"Benjamin Harrison, President, White House, Washington, D. C.

"Send wife's cousin to me, and I will put him in Telegraph Pole Department, cutting down dead wires.

PULHAM SARTAIN."

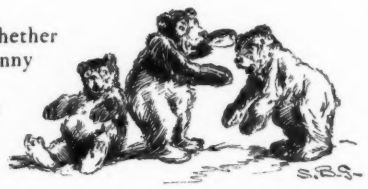
"There!" he exclaimed, "I guess the papers won't have any cause to complain about nepotism!"

J. L. Ford.

GOOD SUGGESTION.

EDITOR. — I really don't know whether you intended this article to be funny or otherwise.

AUTHOR *(inspired)*. — Can't you use it in your puzzle department, then?



BEAR'S KIN.

NOT A CHARITY BAWL.

MRS. MONDE *(dressed for the ball)*. — Take good care of the baby, Marie. Don't let the little beggar cry.

MR. MONDE. — How can you call the child a beggar, m dear? He certainly has visible means of support.

POVERTY MAY NOT be an unmixed blessing, but it sometimes prevents people from making a laughing-stock of themselves.

THE ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION.

THE REV. MR. NEWCOMB *(just landed)*. — And are you making good headway?

THE REV. MR. ONDECK *(Pastor of Coochihooligewgaw)*. — Yes; it is astonishing how quickly the natives adopt the ways of civilization.

ONDECK, JR. *(bursting in)*. — Dad, Dad! There 's a gang of chiefs going through Mr. Newcomb's trunks on the beach, and a-swearing like troopers because they can't find rum.

CHATTEL CHATTER

ONE OF THE USES OF IT.

FIRST DUST BRUSH.—Why, your stick is all over ashes, old fellow. What have you been doing?

SECOND DUST BRUSH.—I 've been playing poker.

RATHER STRANGE REQUEST.

KEY.—This door is locked, is n't it?

KEYHOLE.—Yes; come inside and unlock it.

WHY THEY CHANGED.

BULL'S EYE.—Thought you 'd lodge over here, eh? Did n't you like your chambers?

BULLETS.—We went in loaded this morning and got fired out.

NOT VERY BUSY.

FIRST ORANGE.—Hello! what are you doing here?

SECOND ORANGE.—Nothing; just looking round.

NATURAL.

COFFEE BERRY.—What 's the matter? You don't look well.

COFFEE MILL.—I had a turn this morning.

A DREADFUL THREAT.

ROSEBUSH.—Did you hear what the gardener said about you?

GERANIUM.—No.

ROSEBUSH.—He said he was going to put you through a course of sprouts.

ITS TICK WAS AT AN END.

"You seem to be very still," said the Key to the Clock.

"I 'm run down. If time is money, I 'm surely a bankrupt."

"Well, just wait awhile, and I 'll see about winding up your affairs."

WAS N'T PERMITTED TO.

FIRST MATCH.—Why did n't you run that hundred yards dash with the Taper?

SECOND MATCH.—The boss scratched me.

HEAVY WORK.

FIRST BOOK SHELF.—I 'm nearly dead. I 've got the whole Encyclopædia Brittanica on my hands. They 're awfully heavy.

SECOND BOOK SHELF.—Well, think of me. I 've got a copy of Kant's Critique and one of George Meredith's novels on me.

FATE.

I shot an arrow in the air,
Without an aim away it sped;
But guided by an unseen hand,
It lit upon my neighbor's head!

THE YANKEES mean well — but they say "wal."

IT 'S A POOR DOG that 's punished for worrying a step-child.

THE MAN who begs for favors always puts his worst foot forward.

A THEOLOGICAL TREAT — Missionary To a Cannibal.

REVISED TO FIT THE STREETS OF BOSTON — It 's a short lane that has no turning.

PEN-AND-INK DRAWINGS — Those of Most Lotteries.

IT IS THE diamond miner who is the most successful discoverer of strata-gems.

IT WAS a gastric difficulty that ailed Jonah.

IT HURTS LESS to hit the nail on the head than it does to hit it on the finger.

A PROPOSED CHANGE OF BASE.

MRS. WHEATLEY.—Eben, I wish you 'd take Jimmy out in the wood-shed. You 're gettin' all the bric-à-brac jest a-covered with dust.

BARRED OUT ALL AROUND.

MRS. LITTLUN *(as her husband enters)*.—Hush! Baby 's asleep!

MR. LITTLUN.—But that 's the only time I have a chance to be heard!

THE BENEFIT OF COLLABORATION.

AT REHEARSAL.—(MR. COMDY *to* DRAMATIC AUTHOR).—Mr. Lynes, here in this scene I have to say "Gladys, it is now a quarter to five." Would you mind my making that "a quarter *of* five?" I 've been in the habit of saying it that way, and I might forget the other.

DRAMATIC AUTHOR.—Cert'nly, Mr. Comdy, say "a quarter *before* five," if you want to.

* * *

ON THE STREET.—(ADMIRING FRIEND, *to* MR. COMDY.)—I say, Comdy, that 's a neat little part you 've got in the new play.

MR. COMDY.—I may be able to make something of it. But I can tell you, Smith, that part would n't have been what it is if I had n't gone over it with that young fellow who wrote the play.

A CORDIAL INVITATION.

HIS HONOR.—What made you steal this gentleman's door-mat?

PRISONER.—Sure, yer Honor, it said "Welcome" on it, in letthers as long as your ar-r-rm.

ANY HOW.

MR. LOCUTTE.—Are you getting ready to go to the ball to-night, Maria?

MRS. LOCUTTE.—I can't make up my mind what to wear.

MR. LOCUTTE.—Well, for goodness's sake, wear *something*.

THE AMERICAN IDEA.

MRS. SLATTERLY *(to her servant)*.—Come right in here, Mary, and eat your supper with the family.

MARY.—No, thank 'ee, Mum; I only came here to earn my wages; — not to be looked down on.

THE TRAMP is always out of employment, although he is continually "stepping into another man's shoes."

KEEPING CO. never fails of patronage.

ORDER IS Heaven's first law: it 's the last one obeyed at a hotel table.

THE VAN SKIPP ELOPEMENT.

THE VAN SKIPPS had asked us to dine with them Christmas. Van Skipp was quite happy over the success of his little scheme.

I had been his confidant in all his pre-marital difficulties, and had put every obstacle I could think of in the way of his eloping with Lulu Comover.

"You won't get a present, old man," I urged; "and what are you going to do when you take that girl home to your tuppenny flat, with nothing to eat off of, and only bargain counter bric-à-brac about? It is n't a square deal. Wait a year or two, and old Comover will give in, and it will be money in your pocket."

But all such talk as that went for nothing. Lulu was as set on getting married as he was, and when I found my own wife had turned against me, was in with them hand and glove, I gave up my efforts in despair, and contented myself with throwing cold water on the whole affair.

It was impossible, however, to down those two headstrong people. And never was elopement planned with more absolute cold cheek than that.

In the first place, the wedding was carefully arranged to take place two weeks before Christmas. The wedding announcements had been printed in Philadelphia, and were all addressed and stamped, ready for mailing, on the 11th, and included an invitation to a reception at their new flat on December 28th.

Everything was done just as it had been planned. Lulu had arranged to make a visit out of town, and drove off to church instead of to the Grand Central Station. Her big trunk contained the finest trousseau that her father's credit was good for at Arnold's. Van was waiting with a best man, and Doctor Chasuble in full canonicals, and I 'll be darned if they had n't asked about fifty people to drop in and see me give the bride and myself away.

There was about as much secrecy to the affair as there is to an executive session of the U. S. Senate; but old Comover never tumbled till he got his engraved notification with the rest of the world that afternoon.

Well, after the ceremony, this ridiculous couple went directly to their new home, and spent the mornings of their honeymoon lost in the crowds at Lacy's, laying in the necessaries of existence, and staying at home in the afternoons, reading about themselves in the papers, and receiving the superfluities of life in the wedding presents that came pouring in.

You see, the elopement made such a talk, and old man Comover made such a swear, that everybody was simply dying of curiosity to see how they were getting on. Everybody suspected that everybody else would send a present, and so everybody did.

Christmas came, and we went to dine — their first guests.

The apartment was a little bower. But Lulu was especially proud of her table-ware.

"Don't you think these oyster plates are just sweet?" she cried. "Bessie gave us these. Are n't these soup plates simply perfect! George Walker sent them. Now I want you to look at those dinner plates. Did you ever see any thing so superb? From Mr. and Mrs. Ryder. Real Dresden, every one!"

And so it went on. The moment a course was served, she went into ecstasies over what it was served on. I thought I detected in this an effort to distract our attention from the more evanescent part of the dinner. The flat was too small for more than one girl, and Van's income too small for more than twelve dollars to her.

But my better half, I saw, was trying to get a word in first. She tried to say something about the game plates, but only succeeded in coming in again as an echo. The Goldwins had sent the game plates. She tried to be first in the admiration of the salad plates, but Lulu was too quick for her. The salad plates had come from the Sandrams. I could see that she was getting very nervous and very determined.

Finally her chance came with the dessert. Lulu's attention was temporarily distracted by the efforts of the maid to remove the belated crumbs with the fish-knife, and my wife, with only half a glance at the fruit plates, as she began to remove her finger-bowl and doyly, broke in with:

"Oh, *these are* pretty! Tom, did you ever see any thing so lovely and dainty and artistic? Lulu, do tell me who gave you *these?*"

"You did, dear," said Lulu.

This was the first really happy moment I had enjoyed for over three weeks.

Walker Aken.

A MORE APPROPRIATE TIME.

DENTIST. — Do you want to take laughing gas?
VISITOR. — Not till after de toof is out, boss — reckon I 'll feel mo' like laughin' den!

TOO MUCH STYLE.

MR. RATTE. — I 'm going down to the club, Awntie. Don't sit up for me.
AUNTIE RATTE. — Grey, if you knew how much I despise a dude, you 'd use your appendage to steer by — not to walk with.

RATHER WEARING.

"Why don't you go to work? Why do you waste your time begging?"
"Did you ever beg?"
"No; of course not."
"Den ye don't know what work is."

THAT 'S ALL THERE IS TO IT.

"What kind of a time did you have in Chicago?"
"Fair."

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS.

Fully two-thirds of the pleasure of receiving a gift lies in knowing from whom it comes. — *Anon.*

Wishing the readers of PUCK to derive the greatest possible enjoyment from their holiday presents, I have prepared the following memoranda, which will tell them, at a glance, to whom they are indebted for certain articles which they may chance to find in their stockings:

A Government appointment will invariably be from President Harrison.

A vigorous foreign policy, made of paper, can come from no other than Secretary Blaine.

A big premium on your bonds will be a remembrance from Secretary Windom.

A package of garden seeds, or a treatise on "How to Husk," will be good evidence that Secretary Rusk has thought of you.

A sum of money to the amount of $400,000, to be used for strictly legitimate purposes, should prompt you to send thanks to Postmaster-General Wanamaker by the first mail.

A silk hat, very much worn, and valuable only as a relic, will mean that Senator Evarts has honored you above all other men.

A non-meltable icicle will indicate that Senator Edmunds has sent you a testimonial of his warmest affections.

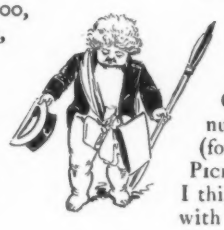
A pension, or a re-rating of your old one, will apprise you of the fact that the lately-reduced-to-the-ranks Corporal Tanner's successor is getting in his work on the surplus.

A bottle of elixir of life, with full directions how to turn backward the flight of time with the same, will show that Dr. Brown-Séquard is mindful of you in your old age.

A knife, much stained with Democratic gore, may be taken by the grateful recipient as a token of the peculiar friendship of Charles A. Dana.

A cryptogram, quite a curiosity in its time, but now old and worn out, may be credited to Ignatius Donnelly.

A presidential boom, of the last year's vintage, will signify that Chauncey M. Depew has not left you out in the distribution of his holiday favors.



A small slice of land, with an enormous tax attached to it, may be taken as a specimen of the great benefit Henry George designs to confer upon all mankind.

And, in closing, if you receive a copy of THE CHRISTMAS PUCK (for twenty-five cents); one number, or all the numbers of PUCK'S LIBRARY (for ten cents each); a Crop, or all the Crops of PICKINGS FROM PUCK (at twenty-five cents each); I think you will make no mistake in accepting them with the best wishes of PUCK. *G. A. E.*

RANDOM REMARKS.

WHEN A JUDGE on the bench cracks jokes at the expense of the poor wretch before him, he ought to arrest himself for contempt of Court.

WE ARE IN RECEIPT of a "Hand-Book of Phrenology." Great Scott! Where is the "Head-Book of Chirosophy."

POVERTY BRINGS US many strange landlords.

HE WHO would climb the ladder of fame as an orator, must win round after round of applause.

IT IS WHEN "charity begins at home" that it covers a multitude of sins.

IT IS NOT the brave man that feels no fear — it is the liar.

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE. — Certainly: you would never eat roast pork before oysters on the half-shell.

NEVER JUDGE by appearances. Disappearances furnish better evidence.

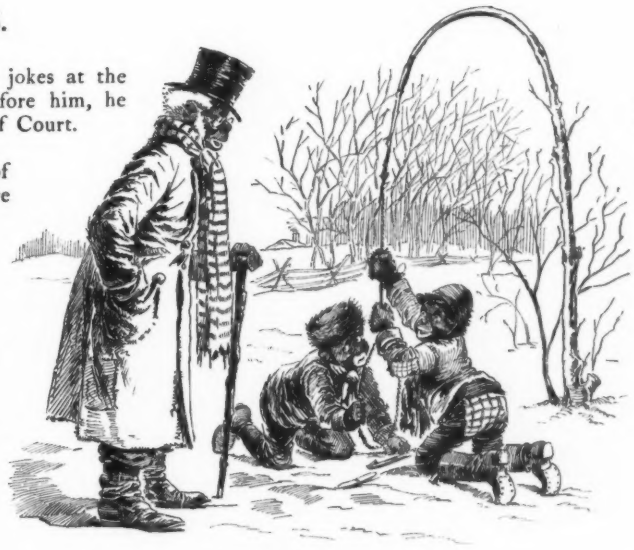
AN EXCHANGE SAYS that "Jay Gould is passionately fond of flowers, while his son George prefers postage stamp collections." It will be observed that flowers can be watered, while postage stamps can't.

MEN WHO THINK that there is no escape from marriage, must be of the opinion that Wedlock and Deadlock rhyme in fact as well as in verse.

TO SHOW what American humor is coming to, we would call the reader's attention to a newspaper announcement that thieves recently broke into a shoe shop and got away with considerable "booty."

ALTHOUGH IT MAY be true that the serpent is the subtlest of the beasts of the field, it does not follow that the book worm is a wise reptile.

A HISTORIAN SPEAKS of food whose quality would "raise a riot in a poor-house." So would a champagne supper, if the wine was not stinted.



A PRETTY GOOD TRAP.

UNCLE BEN. — Am yo' boys gwine to fix a trap fer rabbits?

YOUNG MINISTERS.

The *Congregationalist* devotes a column to "Hints to Young Ministers." Most Church Societies can discount the *Congregationalist* in giving hints to a young minister, especially when his services are no longer pleasing to the elders. But the very best tip a young minister can receive is, to marry him a wife before taking charge of a parish. Young ministers have come to grief before now by choosing one fair member of the flock, and thereby offending seventeen others and their mamas.

NEPHEW SAM *(as Jim goes up)*.— Naw; fer 'coons.

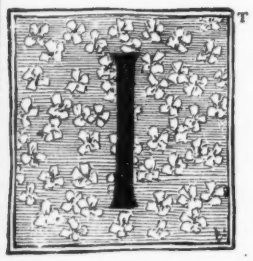
J. Ottmann, Lith. Puck Building, N. Y.

CHARITY — FALSE AND TRUE.

Let the Long-Suffering Public Discriminate between Worthy and Unworthy Objects, and not let the Worthy lack Support.

REMEMBER
HOSPITAL SATURDAY
AND
SUNDAY
HARITY

IN THE REPUBLICAN ERA.



IT WAS A CLEAR, sunny morning in the Winter of 1901. On the verandah of a neat little hostelry in Hoboken sat the seven members of the Ex-Monarch's Social Coterie, who had gathered where the morning sun fell on their faces, and the house was between them and the fresh Northwest breeze. They looked down on the blue and sparkling Hudson, flecked with cakes of glittering ice. Between them and the majestic flood lay the Hoboken flats, studded with canal-boats. A briny flavor came up from the gray expanse of mud, for the tide was low.

"Not much like old times, is it, Your Imperial Majesty?" said Francis Joseph to Alexander.

"If it were," replied Alexander, gloomily, "there 'd be a moujik or two hustling around to get me a glass of vodki, or I 'd know why."

"May be there would n't be a glass of brandy and a bottle of soda reposing on a table right here at my elbow," remarked Albert Edward, who was paring down the frayed edges of his cuffs with a pen-knife.

"Ah, you Royal and Imperial gentlemen may think you used to know what luxury was, but you did n't. Hard drinks are all very well in a climate where nothing but a strong sense of personal dignity and the tender associations of old times impel me to maintain my present costume," said Dom Pedro, as he drew the flaps of his linen duster over the knees of his white duck trousers; "but what I call solid comfort is to lie in a hammock under the shade of a banana-tree, and be served with a steady series of sherry-cobblers.

"Yes," rejoined Alexander, "served by niggers with no pants on."

"I regret," said Dom Pedro, mildly, "to note that you are falling into the low Republican habit of saying pants instead of trousers. My negros had trousers, and frequently shirts. And let me tell you that there is no better fun than bossing negros. When you boss a negro you feel that you are getting the full value of your money. You are bossing him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. But when you undertake to boss a white man, you never know when he is going to strike for higher wages, or inform you politely that he has an insurrection concealed about his person."

"If any of my subjects had tried any thing of the sort in *my* time," observed Alexander, grimly, "the things that would have happened to him are too numerous to mention."

"Much difference that would make to you," remarked Frederick, "after he had given you a chunk of dynamite to chew on for a filbert."

Alexander made no reply. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets, where they encountered no resistance, and looked coldly off over the broad expanse of the North River.

"His Imperial Majesty rarely cares to talk about dynamite," observed Humbert. "How high did you go up, any way, when they touched you off?"

"Higher than your government bonds ever went," said Alexander.

"Gentlemen," interposed Alphonso XIII, "we wander from the subject. We spoke of the luxurious past. My memories of that happy period cluster most strongly around the nursing-bottle. At present, however, my soul yearns for something more vigorous in its action on the tissues than the lacteal fluid. Would it not be well to pool our issues, and see if we can not prevail upon William, our genial friend at the bar, to let us have seven cocktails for seventy cents, being thirty-three and one-third per cent. off for cash?"

Alphonso, it will be noticed, still retained the rich and elaborate diction of the Spanish court.

"I doubt if it can be done," said Frederick, gloomily; "the days are gone when William would yield to promises of Dukedoms, contingent upon our going back. He is stern cash now."

"If my allowance would only come," sighed Dom Pedro.

"Your allowance!" sneered Alexander.

"Did n't I get ten dollars on it last April?" demanded Dom Pedro.

"You sat on the Brazilian minister's steps all night, and he gave you ten dollars to go away and not spoil his credit with the milkman," returned Alexander.

"Yes; and then you went over to New York with Alphonso, and did n't show up for two weeks," added Humbert, bitterly.

"Gentlemen," again interposed Alphonso XIII, "we wander from the subject."

"We have wandered from all our subjects," was Humbert's gloomy observation. "But what is there in the pot?"

A CHANGE OF BASS.

HERR GLINKER. — Dey not led us blay on der shdreets no more; but id vas n't such a cold day ven ve gots lefd already. Zympady goes vor somedinks.

A general collection was at once taken up in Dom Pedro's straw hat. It amounted to sixty-five cents, including a plugged nickel.

"Perhaps," suggested Alphonso XIII, in a tone permeated by very little hope, "he will hang up five cents."

They filed inside, and drew up before the bar, spreading out the coins, which they had carried in in Dom Pedro's hat.

William shook his head as he shoved back the plugged nickel.

"No go, gents and monarchs," he said.

"No go?" queried the Coterie, wistfully.

"No go whatever," said William, decisively.

There was silence for a minute, and then Alexander, with a sigh, thrust his hand into his breast, and produced a glittering object.

"It is the last," he said; "but I will sacrifice it. This, William of the stony heart, this is the Star of the Imperial Order of the Most Puissant and Pious St. Kmoffski of Moscow, only given to Emperors of the first rank. Does that go?"

William weighed it doubtfully in his hand.

"I d'no," he said; "Simpson, around the corner here, swears he won't take no more of them orders. The market 's glutted, the enamel ain't no use, an' the gold don't pay for pickin' out. Well, I 'll take it fer a nickel; but one of you royal gents has got to take beer."

"*I* will take the beer," said Alexander, with resignation. "Let the sacrifice be complete."

An appetizing odor arose as William mixed the fragrant cocktails in a celery-glass. Slowly he poured them out — one — two — three — four — five — six. There was just enough left for a seventh. William hesitated; then he reached for another wine-glass and filled it.

"Here, Aleck," he said, "my soft-heartedness will be the death of trade; but you can have a cocktail, too."

AT NIAGARA.

OLD MR. TESTY *(returning to his room, after paying the hotel bill)*. — Don't touch me! I 'm not sure about my insulation, and I 've just been so heavily charged that I 'm dangerous!

IN Peace prepare for War!

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS. 315

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LITTLE BROTHER.—See that pretty bird out there in the rain. I wish he 'd go to sleep in the grass, so I could catch him.

LITTLE SISTER.—Why don't you wish he 'd go to sleep on the sidewalk, 'cause then you could catch him without wetting your feet?—*New York Weekly.*

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THE storm cloud should have a sky blew color.—*Ex.*

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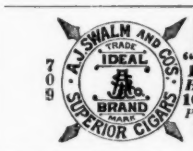

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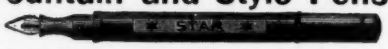

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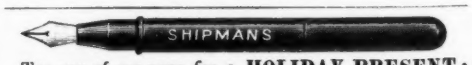

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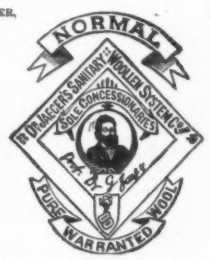

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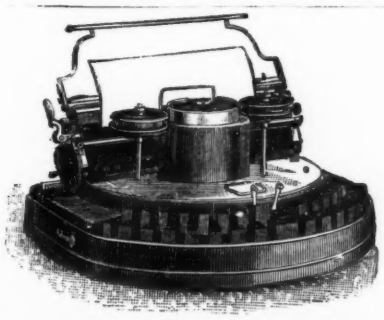

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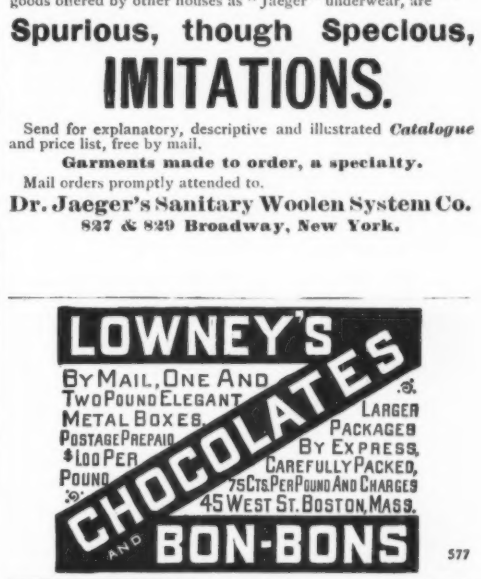

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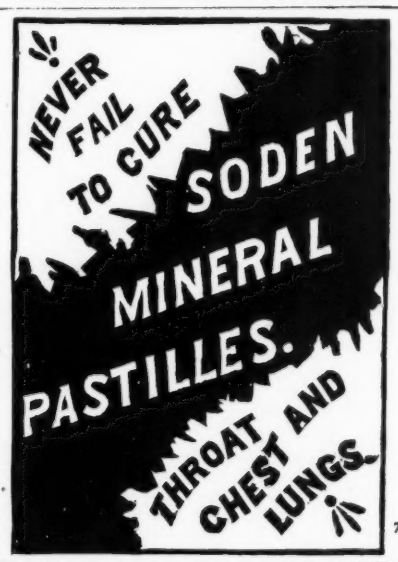
Sanatory Woolens Versus Fraudulent Imitations.

Whenever there is put upon the market a new commodity which proves to be better than any thing in the same line preceding it, it is sure to have to compete with imitations. In no instance has this fact been more strikingly illustrated than in the case of the Sanatory Woolens of the Jaeger System, located at 827 & 829 Broadway. Goods offered as all wool, "Jaeger" underwear, stamped with the word "Normal," the property of the Jaeger system, and purporting to come from Stuttgart, the source of the genuine Jaeger importations, can be found in almost every city in the United States. Under a glass of from 200 to 300 diameter power the Jaeger wool filaments are clearly seen to be all alike in all general characteristics. They are shown to be tubular and cylindrical in form, and to be marked with wavy, transverse lines, denoting the imbricated scales, upon which the property of felting depends. On the other hand, the cotton fibre is tapelike, resembling a flattened tube, devoid of the cross lines, and generally somewhat twisted, like an auger. The spurious article shows, under the glass, the woolen and cotton fibres interlaced, in the proportion of about 33 1-3 per cent. of the latter. A remnant of the Jaeger fabric, thrown into a solution of caustic soda, wholly disappears in a few seconds, leaving only a brownish liquid behind — the discoloration being due to the decomposition of the black sheep wool, mixed with the white, to give the "natural gray" color. The almost pure gelatine, of which the woolen fibre is composed, is rapidly dissolved in the solution, while, upon a cotton fibre, the solution has no appreciable effect. The result shows not only the grossness of the fraud, but the ingenuity with which it is perpetrated.



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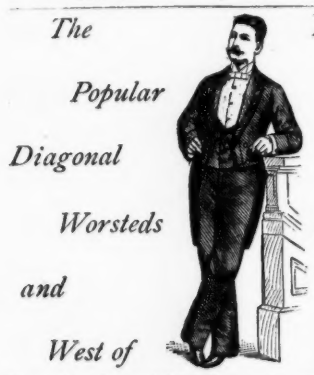

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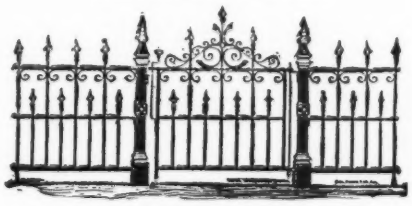

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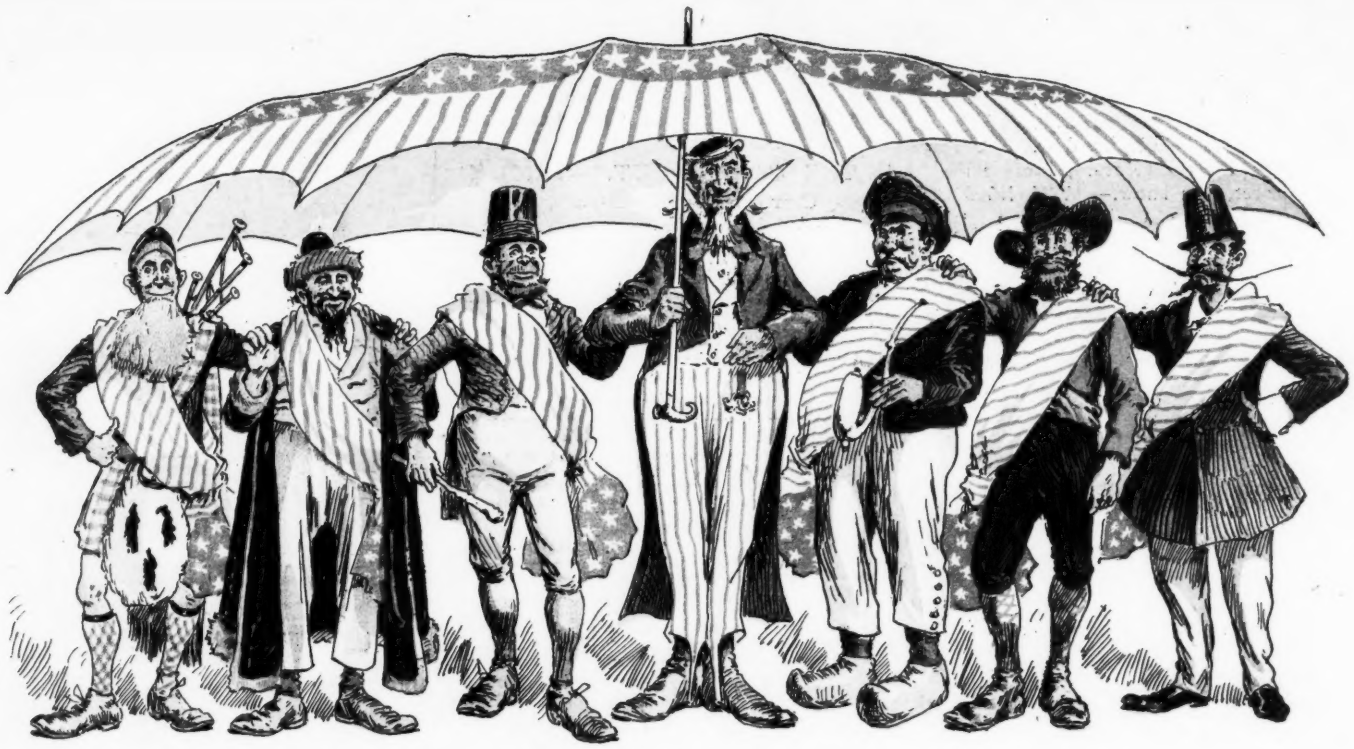

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